



Leave thy sewing, leave thy spinning!
Leave the world and all its sinning.
Come and pray!
Greet the joyous, radiant morning,
Lift your hearts up to the dawning
Easter day.

Altar lilies chastely gladden,
See! they raise their heads and listen,
Murmuring, Peace!
Listen to the songs of gladness,
That through sorrow and through sadness
Never cease.

Hear that glorious anthem ringing,
One clear treble voice is singing
Wonderfully:
"I know that my Redeemer liveth,
The love that unto earth He giveth
Cannot die!"

One long sun-ray brightly beaming,
Through the chancel window streaming
On his face,
Seems to saint the singer lowly,
Seems to bless all in the holy
Dim-lit place.

Peace that puts an end to sorrow,
That all heavenly hopes do borrow,
On Easter day:
These are goodness, Christian, giving
Blessing, love, and joy in living;
Come and pray!

—Percival Street.

AN EASTER THIEF.

BY JUDITH SPENCER.

"H, Dolly, Dolly, I'm in such a pickle!"
Dolly Merton looked up and laughed a little at her friend's distressed face.
"Madge, dear, you are always in a pickle. What is it this time?"
Madge Townsend threw herself back despairingly in the big armchair.
"This is the worst one yet!" she sighed.
Dolly laid down her embroidery and looked at her inquiringly.
"You know I'm the Treasurer of our 'Merry Workers' Circle,'" Madge began.
"Yes."
"And the money from our dues and fines, and the sale of dolls and aprons amounted altogether to fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents. We've been trying to get it up to fifteen dollars, and we were going to give it for an Easter offering at church to-morrow afternoon."
"Yes; well?"
"Well, it's gone!"
"Gone?"
"Yes; gone, and worse yet—stolen! Not a soul knows yet but you and I, and the thief, of course. But isn't it awful, and what shall I do?"
"Stolen, Madge? But I don't understand who could have stolen it. Where did you keep it?"
"Well, I was counting it over only day before yesterday, and I laid it down on my mantel—it was in the Tiffany note-paper box I've always kept it in—and then, well, to tell the truth, I forgot and left it out there, and to-day when I remembered and went to look for it it was gone."
"But that doesn't prove it was stolen, Madge."
"Doesn't it? When nobody has been near my room but Katherine, the new waitress—I never liked her—and she has a sick sister, she pretends, who needs all kinds of expensive medicines and things. Of course she stole it, and I don't know what to do. Mother is still away, and I really don't dare accuse Katherine to her face. There's no knowing what she might do, but it's awful to have such a thief around. And then, Dolly, to-morrow's Easter. I'm responsible for that money, and how am I going to replace it?"
"Your allowance?" suggested Dolly.
"But I haven't fifty cents left. You know how money always slips through my fingers. I really meant to do better this month, but Thursday I bought the loveliest new hat for Easter. When I saw Jennie Warren's I was dying with envy, but mine is much prettier, and it ought to be—it cost fifteen dollars. I don't know what mamma will say, but it's a beauty."
"Look here, Madge. Wouldn't they take it back again if you explained?"

"That's just the amount you need, and then—"

"Oh, but, Dolly, I couldn't! Why, what are you thinking of? Explain to a milliner? Ask Mue. La Rue to give me back the money? I never could in the world! Besides, it would just break my heart to part with it."

"Then go to your father, Madge dear, and tell him."

"Oh, but, Dolly, that's impossible, too! You see, I'm flushing a little, 'he had to help me out last month. You know I broke Nellie Graham's gold locket, and it cost so much to get it

repaired, I had no idea. Well, I couldn't pay the bill, so I had to go to papa, and he lectured me so. He is so particular. He said I was careless and extravagant, and if I could not learn to manage better he would have to stop my allowance altogether, and just give me fifty cents a week for spending money the way he used to; and I couldn't bear that. It would be too humiliating."

"I wish your mother was at home," Dolly said, thoughtfully.
"So do I," sighed Madge. "But she isn't, and I must have the money. Look here, Dolly. Do you think I could get it if I could screw up my courage to tell that Katherine up and down that I knew she was a thief, and threaten to have her arrested if she did not put it back on my mantel by to-morrow morning?"

"Oh, no, no, Madge; don't think of it! It isn't a question of courage, dear, but there might be some mistake."

"No there isn't," Madge said, positively; "and how else am I to get the money?"

"Madge, would you mind my telling mamma?"
"Oh, Dolly, I should die of shame if anyone were to know of it but you."

There was nothing for her to do but leave Madge with the undisposed of embroidery and hasten back to be in time for her lesson.

Meanwhile, Madge had been experiencing a variety of emotions. At first indignation against the new waitress—the thief—who had made this disagreeable business necessary, had been uppermost in her mind. But gradually, as she noted Dolly's eager interest and anxiety to help her and her distress at their lack of success, she began to feel a sort of admiring envy of her unselfish, loyal friend, and a queer sort of indignation against herself and her own carelessness in leaving money for which she was responsible lying around where the first dishonest person could take it unperceived.

If she was so to blame, surely she ought to be willing to endure a little humiliation. So, with sudden determination, she started for the fancy-goods shop, which her mother always patronized, and where she was well known.

The head woman, Mrs. Lee, herself came forward, smiling and bowing when Madge entered.

"Good afternoon, Miss Townsend, what can I show you to-day?"

extravagance, and how unhappy she had been until Dolly Merton had so sweetly come forward to her relief.
Mrs. Townsend looked very grave as she listened to this recital. When Madge had finished she said:
"The first thing to do is to buy back Dolly's embroideries and return them to her at once with the money she gave you. Here is my purse, go back directly to Mrs. Lee and pay her whatever she may ask. The other side of the matter we will consider later on. Hurry now, dear, or the shop will be closed before you can get there."

Mrs. Lee smiled as Madge reappeared breathless before her.

"Mamma has just returned," the young girl said, joyfully, "and she knows all about it and has sent me to buy back the centrepieces you so kindly bought from me just now."

So Mrs. Lee brought them out and wrapped them up, and refused to take more than she had just paid for them, knowing well that by so doing she was paving the way for generous profits in the future.

That evening, right after dinner, and just as Dolly had shut herself in her room and was diligently at work on one of the handkerchiefs, which were to take the place of her pretty vanished centrepieces on the morrow, there came a tap at the door, and there were the centrepieces again; and a note from Madge telling how her mother's unexpected return enabled her to send back the embroideries and the money with a thankful heart, and the assurance that she would never forget her friend's sweet kindness.

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